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POETRY.

The Kiss.

Oh no—oh no—forswaine! pray not so fast!
Why you begin, I see, to grow unruly.
What, then! I suffer'd you my hand to clasp,
I did not give you leave to kiss me, surely;
Why, sir, I am really quite shocked, I vow;
To see, of late, how very rude you grow.

What would my mother say?—I dread to think!
Oh dear—if she had caught us!—how I tremble!
I'm afraid, to-night, I shall not sleep a wink—
Ah, think how you'll oblige me to dissemble!
How I shall blush, if I but meet her eye!
Indeed, 'twas very wrong, you can't deny.

Pray, pray remove your hand from round my waist,
I must not suffer you to sit so near me;
I'm afraid 'tis wrong to be so close embrace'd,
You mean no good by doing so I fear me,
My mother wain'd me of you to take heed,
I did not think you'd be so bold, indeed.

Pray don't approach your lips so close to mine,
As you do now, you know there's no one listening;
Why should you whisper then—I can't divine,
And see, your eyes are now with mischief glancing;
Oh, if you dare attempt another—
Why really, Sir, I shall inform my mother.

But if you must do such a naughty thing,
And what so oft you've said is true, you love me,
Perhaps, dear youth, a simple golden ring,
To grant such favors, might have power to move me;
Were I your wife, of course, 'twould not be wrong,
And then you'd, if you pleas'd, kiss all day long.

From the New England Galaxy.

Fat Folks.

FAT FOLKS! I hate 'em. It's a downright
outrage upon the community to be looking round
a great fat paunch in their very face and eyes!
It's a malignant libel on humanity to plead guilty
to that enormous protuberance of belly, which
may, not without propriety, be termed "going
the whole hog." Let the cold-water fanatics rail
as much as they please against the hard drinkers—
they are not a tithe as offensive as your
downright hard-drinkers. Who can endure to see
the wretches eat? I was at an ordinary "rotter
day." There was a huge fellow opposite to me.
While I was playing with the wing of a boiled
chicken and tenderly dipping into the bowls
of a roasted tomato—the friend had bolted three
huge platters of roasted pig smothered in onion
sauce. "Waiter! I'll trouble you for a bit more
of your roast pork?—sugared my fat foe oppo-
site. Ye Gods! I could sit no longer. D-shing
down my knife and fork on the table, and cast-
ing a glance of unutterable and withering
scorn at the brute—I fled. I couldn't eat again
for a week. Fright? The big transference
reassured.

I'm a wee, pawky creature, Messrs Editors,
and it gives my very soul to witness the de-
ficient respect paid by all classes of people to
those huge belly gods. Look at them when they
travel. There, is the landlord's most de-
corative bow and most commodious room.—
There, the seat of honor at my host's table—
there, (curses on their shiny faces) fish, flesh
and fowl vanishes under their obscenely rapacious
jaws, like a wreath of mist before a hurricane.
There, is the most luxurious portion of the mail-
coach—like "poor little me" is tucked away in
one corner. Why in the name of Heaven, if
these odiferous monsters will intrude their ob-
scurity into a public conveyance—why will they
not pay by the square yard for the space they
really occupy. Ye proprietors of stage-coaches,
hearken unto me, and I will teach you max-
ims of truth and justice—"Tis the infernal con-
glomerations of intestines by the cubic mile, do
ye hear? And if they don't consent to pay
you by bulk—let 'em hire an extra to transmit
their extraordinary encumbrances, or, like good Mr.
B*****, get a carriage made expressly for
them, large, strong and broad.

I put it very soberly to you, Messrs Editors,
whether fat folks are not exercising an undue
weight in the administration of public affairs?
Is it not a well attested fact that in all our prin-
cipal cities the mayor and aldermen are selected
from the great mass of citizens, almost solely
with reference, not to their fitness, but to their
fitness? Is not the word alderman synonymous
with turtle-soup, and turtle-soup with alderman?
How many of our Justices of the Peace and of
the Quorum, my and Custos Rotulorum too,
waddle about.

"With fair round bellies, with fat capon lined,"
not putting on, as they should do, bowels of
mercy, but putting forth unmerciful bowels.—
I put it to you, worthy Editors, do you believe
that the decreasing influence of ministers of the
gospel can be justly attributed to any thing else
than lack of portly panaches? Wasn't there
something edifying in hearing a corpulent par-
son pour forth a rapturous effusion in praise of
etherial essences and spiritual sublimations?

Who of the ancient biblical heroes was it,
Messrs Editors, that "reared fat and kicked,"
and is it not an unfortunate propensity for kick-
ing the distinguished attribute of all fat folks
from his day to ours? I never, in the whole
course of my experience in society, knew a fat
man to be truly meek and lowly-minded—did
you? Indeed, how can we expect them to be
so, trailing perpetually about them, as they do,
the insignia of their personal consequence.—
Their very tread makes a great noise in the
world. And gentlemen while my puny body
hardly gets a wink from a cow—the whole world
stand gaping open mouthed at my d-d big-
bellied neighbor. Now, gentlemen, I have no
wish to breed intestine broils in our happy re-
public—but I can no longer stomach this state
of things. I hate all fat people, from merry old
Jack Falstaff down to the great Daniel Lambert,
and they shall feel the wait of my indignation
in your columns, Messrs Editors; that is, if you
will give me fighting room, and I don't want you
will, when I declare that one great reason why
I subscribe for the Galaxy is, that you are a
couple of wiry, gritty little chaps, not over-bur-
dened with bellies.

Yours,
FOUR FEET ELEVEN.

BROOKS'S LETTERS.

Things in England.

CLAPHAM, June 10, 1835.

The principal occasion I have had during the
day, except that of walking of course, was in
studying the Yorkshire dialect, but this is a dif-
ficult undertaking, for even this dialect has di-
alects of its own. And when I could learn a
word, ten miles further, it might be out of use.
This was worse than I was anciently in the
states of Greece, though I don't mean to say
these are Grecian states. The fact is our
Choctaw and Cherokee Indians speak about as
comprehensible English as these people do.—
I have been quite as much at home among the
Creeks. And yet Englishmen come over to
our country where the great mass of the people
speak far better English than the mass do in
England, and then ridicule some Yankee and
western peculiarities stamping them as the con-
versational language of all the nation! Why,
the fact is, if you go one hundred and fifty miles
from London, you are just about as well off in
the source of language in Sweden or in Holland
as in England. About here, and in Lancas-
hire and Westmoreland, I know not how many
dialects there are. I will give you specimens
by and by. If you go into Scotland, Scotch
thickens upon you. If you push to the High-
lands, it is almost all Gaelic. If you cross to
Ireland, then comes the Irish lisp. If you go
back toward the capital, Welsh meets you again,
aye, in the very emporium, at the very Court
city in London itself, there is a Cokeny dia-
lect, which if it is understandable (there ought
to be such a word, if there is not) only amuses
you the more for understanding it at all. Now
these people, who don't speak English at home
come over to us, and ridicule our English when
they can travel three thousand miles in Amer-
ica, and never meet an American whom they
cannot readily understand, unless he be of
French, German, or other foreign extraction.
Isn't it one of the funniest ideas in the world?

A well-educated Englishman is a foreigner
in one sense, in about two thirds of his own lit-
tle Great Britain, and hence, perhaps, his
sensitiveness in the matter of words.—"What,"
says a Yorkshire man, opening his mouth at the
Englishman's well-turned periods, in perfect
stupidity—what, he repeats, and when he can't
understand, adds with a shake of the head—
"Ah's nea scholar!" I am no scholar—"Ah's
boon't too!" I'm bound to town, says another
—"Seen Ah'd gang wi ye?" so I'll go with you.
And then if you ask how far, you may find it to
be about—about a mable an' a half, nobbut"
(only.) It is always Y, as yeats for heats &
yet for hot. No wonder then that when the
poor Yorkshire girl went to London, she had
reason for giving the following account of it,
when asked how she liked it.—"Marry, sir,
Ah like nowther egg nor shell on't." They're
sike a set o'fowl as E niver seed wi' my cen.
They laugh and sneer at a body like my thing.
Ah went nobbut t'other day t' t' beaker's shop,
for a lead o' bread; and they fell a giggling at
mah, as Ah'd been yin (one) o' t' gitterin'
gawrison (tools) i' t' world." Now if I were
to write after the manner of the Hammonds, I
should set this down as a specimen of good-so-
ciety English. And there is not in it one
word of exaggeration—for nine tenths of two
peasantry of Yorkshire talk in this or a worse
manner, and it is indeed surprising, well il-
lustrating, however, the difference between the
locomotive propensities of our countrymen and
the English—that such a language can be kept
up in the heart of a country! How far the
educated man of England surpasses ours, who
really deserve that word educated, I shall show
some day or other, when I look more at their
Parliamentary orators.

One thing is very observable, that the English
do much more in conversation to corrupt the
language than the Americans do, by a more hur-
ried manner of enunciation—by biting off and
eating up the tails of syllables and words—and
by a dandy mode of jerking them out—witness
the House of Commons *passim*—and a hundred
streets and places which have been mutilated,

such as Covent Garden for Convent Garden,
and Charing Cross, which though now called
Charing Cross in the mouths of every body, for
the whole population of London are engaged at
the present time in eating up that poor word.—
The English are so very remarkable for this
ravenousness in devouring syllables, that it is a
common remark of the French, that they al-
ways understand them, with difficulty, whereas
an American is understood with much more
ease. There is nothing about this Clapham of
interest, or of the road over which we have
travelled, other than what I have written. The
long moor over which we came was quite bar-
ren of incident. At a place called Astwick not
far from here, I was amused by the stupid ig-
norance of the people, who seemed to know
nothing of roads, places, or distance. I verily
believe that half of them don't know what a
Stage Coach is—and I vainly strove to put my
idea of a turnpike with theirs, so as to get some
information of a Coach that was expected up-
on it, some two miles off, and for which I was
aiming at full speed. While I was striving to
teach the blockheads English, and replying to
their stupid "what?" I lost the Coach, and
Clapham has me for the night, which has at
least one great blessing for such a weary trav-
eller, and that is a superb bed, with excellent
milk to drink, and eggs and bread to eat. I
shall always stand up for English Public
Houses.

From the Jeffersonian.

Factories and Factory Girls.

A correspondent of the Journal of Commerce
writing from Haverhill, (N. H.) among other
observations makes the following remarks:
"In Connecticut and some parts of Massachu-
setts, they are all agog for the cultivation of
silk; and I have no doubt will make the busi-
ness amply profitable. The inhabitants of a
number of towns have been more or less em-
ployed in this business for thirty years. But
within a few years past, several gentlemen have
introduced machinery, and other improvements
and have placed the business on a broader and
more systematic shape, and so given it a new
impulse which promises to make it of much
more importance. I wish still more could
be done to maintain society here in its present
beautiful domestic shape: A father, the owner
of the estate on which he resides, subject to
no lordly dictation, with an intelligent wife by
his side surrounded by their sons and daughters.
The "factories" are breaking up this beautiful
and happy organization. Even here, more than
a hundred miles from Lowell, the young women
go off in flocks like sheep, to tend horse-lorn
and power looms in that great Manchester
of America: and for what? They will of course
never get husbands there, for miles of girls are
there already to rods of young men. I would
prefer, beyond comparison, that my daughter
were a domestic in any respectable family, to
being a "factory girl" for any compensation.—
I am happy to award to our factory villages
generally the maintenance of good moral and
religious influences. But the tendency to im-
morality in a society so disproportioned and so
despairing of honorable marriage, has been and
will be, in the present condition of the world,
too strong for these restraints."

Major Noah of the New-York Evening Star
makes some very sensible remarks relative to
the employment of females. Without speaking
of the thousands of girls who labor in our large
factories, he disapproves of so many females
spending so much of the best part of their lives
to do tailoring work, or work in cap, umbrella
stores, &c. He says that the most industrious
are enabled to earn no more than a bare living,
and that the occupation of sewing followed ex-
clusively, is manifestly very injurious to health.
He proceeds:

"But it will be asked, what would you have
the girls do? We answer we would have the
parents of poor girls, who have to work for a
living, throw off ridiculous pride, and instead of
making them sewing girls, get them places at
service in respectable families—let them learn
to be good cooks, good house-keepers, useful
and valuable helps—where they are provided
for during life, where exercise and labor pro-
mote health, and where spending but little money,
they can lay up almost a competence for a
rainy day.

What employment can be more respectable,
more confidential, than to be nurse or chamber-
maid in a kind and liberal family, where ev-
ery thing is entrusted to their care, where the
family feel an interest in their welfare, and they
are surrounded with every comfort. Girls thus
conditioned, have excellent opportunities to
marry and marry well—which, as sewing girls,
huddled in a manufactory, cannot hope for.

How often have we stood in Broadway and
seen with pride, the nurse who carried us in her
arms when we were an infant, roll by in her
splendid carriage and equipage. She was a
good girl, and married in our house, to an honest
but poor young man, who afterwards became
rich. Her late may be the fate of thousands
similarly circumstanced.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise."
If poor girls were early put out to service in
families of good character, where they could
learn to be house-keepers, their interest, welfare
and comfort would be essentially promoted."

A Home Anecdote.

In the Temperance Convention yesterday,
while the subject of total abstinence from wine
was under discussion, a gentleman illustrated
the reluctance of good society to give up their
costly wine cellars, at the same time that they
exhort the gin drinkers to take to cold wa-
ter alone, by the following apt anecdote. Three
men were brought before a magistrate, charged
with drunkenness. The Magistrate inquired of
the first, what he got drunk on? The answer
was whisky. Then I fine you thirty shillings
for it is a great shame for a man to get drunk
on whisky. And what did you get drunk on?
asked the Magistrate of the second. New
Rum, was the answer. That is not quite so
bad, but no man ought to get drunk on New
Rum, and I fine you twenty shillings. The
third was asked what made him drunk, and an-
swered that he got drunk of brandy punch! Ah!
says the Magistrate, then I fine you nothing, for
I sometimes get drunk on brandy punch my-
self.

Another member of the Convention, stated
that the greatest obstacle to the Temperance
Reformation, was the attachment of the wealthy
circles in Boston to wines. He related as a
fact, that the wine bill of a single individual,
for six weeks at a hotel in this city, was one
hundred dollars.

All this is very well, but there is one fash-
ionable source of intemperance which the Con-
vention did not seem to think of, and which
would have produced no little jarring had it
been broached. We mean those public revels
which have been held the past year or two in
honor of what was called whig victories, the 4th
of July and other occasions. It is of little use
for gentlemen to make fine speeches on Tem-
perance, and then sit down to a table in public
where an hundred toasts are steeped in as many
bumpers. For instance, who could fail
while the anti-wine discussion was going on yester-
day, to recollect that the President of that
most respectable Convention, but a little more
than a year ago presided at a dinner on Bos-
ton Common, where six thousand bottles of
wine were drunk.

What a lecture on temperance this is to pre-
sent to the delirious tremors frequenters of the
grog shops! Give us your six thousand bottles
of wine, drank on Boston Common, they would
say, and you are welcome to our potatoe juice
and essence of molasses.—Advocate.

The Miseries of Debt.

A most graphic description of the despotism of credit-
ors, is given below, from Fraser's London Magazine; it
is entitled "A Father's Confession."

"Believe me, my son, that of all the kinds of
tyranny by which the spirit of man is bowed
down and crushed, and all his energies, moral
and physical, paralyzed and withered, there is
none so active in its oppression, and so bitter in
its torture, as that which a creditor exercises
over his debtor. It is a tyranny which can even
quell the springing elasticity of youth's sanguine
ambition. Observe too that its existence
does not merely depend upon the disposition or
acts of the master. The latter may be the
mildest and most long suffering man upon earth;
and so far from endeavoring roughly to enforce
his claims, may even refrain from asserting them.
Still by the very nature of the relation
which subsists between the parties, is the debtor
reduced to the condition of his bondman or serf;
—that the creditor has ever in his service an
official and indefatigable agent, who acts not
only without his orders, but often in spite of his
expressed wishes; and that agent is the mem-
ory of the indebted party. The master may be
willing to give time to his slave—he may even
desire him not to be disturbed by the apprehen-
sions of his violence; but can the latter for-
get the existence of an obligation that may be
forced upon his memory by the slightest cir-
cumstance of the passing moment? Can he
forget too that however humane his present
lord may be, his rights and claims may, after
his death, pass to another of an imperious and
violent temper. Such are some of the consid-
erations which make the mere existence of a
debt, without any other aggravating cir-
cumstances, in itself a tyranny of the most loathsome
description. The parish pauper, despicable as
his lot may appear, enjoys a higher degree of
liberty and independence, than the man who
has put it into the power of another to come up
and say, "Pay me what thou owest." Think
not that my description is overcharged. The
fool and the profligate would laugh at the pic-
ture which I have displayed to you—the one
owing to his mental infirmity—the other, from
the baseness of his nature, being dead to the
degradation of servitude. But the man of an
ingenious and sensitive disposition, will readily
allow that there are fetters for the mind as well
as the body; and that in order to be apprised
of a subjection to bondage, it is not necessary
that one should actually hear the clank of the
iron chain.

"Another circumstance which tends to make
the debtor's constraint still more intolerable, is,
that in most cases the infliction of it is either
occasioned or expedited by his own weakness
or folly. A weak submission to the imperious
yet trifling mandates of fashion, a vain compe-
tition in the race of extravagance with more
wealthy companions, and a shameful compliance
with the suggestions of unhealthy and artificial
appetites—these are some of the principal causes
which sometimes separately, but more frequently
in close league together, entangle the young man
in the coils of debt."

A Cheap Drill.

During the last war with Great Britain, an
English frigate was cruising off the West Indies,
when she overtook one of the "down east"
craft, richly laden for the port of Boston. A
gun was fired for Jonathan to come to, but he
very unceremoniously kept quietly on his
course, to the utter indignation of John Bull.
Presently a shot came flying across the skip-
per's deck, tearing up the splinter in great
style. This had not the least effect on the
Yankee. Presently the frigate hove up along-
side Jonathan—"Ship ahoy! where are you
bound?" sung out Bull in a voice of thunder.
"For Boston, I reckon," replied Jonathan.
"Who is your captain?" "Well, I guess how as
how I see captain now, Zeekel's down below."
"What are you laden with?" vociferated Bull.
"With hens and hen's husbands, hop-goblins,
long faced gentry, and shingle bales." (All
Greek to the Englishmen.) "Heave out your
boat and come aboard, bellowed Johnny.
"Hain't got any boat, echoed Jonathan; "got a
cane with no bottom, so I shan't danger my
life in her." Bull, finding that it was useless to
parley with the diminutive, insolent Yankee,
demanded the officer of the barge, advancing
towards Jonathan, who during this colloquy,
very disinterestedly sat on a half-cask at the
helm. "There's the hens and hen's husbands,"
pointing to the chicken coop—"there's the hob-
goblins," throwing a chip at some two or three
turkeys about the deck; "and here's the long-
faced gentry," showing the pigsty; and pulling
off the barches, here's the shingle bales," be-
neath which laid the cargo of the skipper.
"Blow him up!" cried some of the boards;
"tar and feather him!" vociferated the less sav-
age part of them. "Silence!" exclaimed the of-
ficer. Now, said he, addressing Jonathan, "if
we ever catch you out here with such a worth-
less cargo, we'll blow you up to the moon!"
Thank'e, replied Jonathan. "Now, men, give
his crew thirty lashes apiece, beginning with the
captain," Jonathan received his sentence very
good humoredly. "Where's the rest of your
gang?" inquired the officer, (looking round and
seeing nobody but a black and a white boy on
deck) of Jonathan. "Hain't but two besides my-
self—uncle Obadiah and cousin Zeekel, they're
down in the cabin, sick," answered Jonathan.
"Sick—sick?" asked several very eagerly. Yes
says Jonathan, "both got the yellow fever."
Yellow fever; echoed the boarders some jump-
ing into the boat, some making a more hasty exit
overboard, clearing Jonathan's deck like hot
shot, leaving him to himself to thank his stars
for so cheap a drill. Brother Jonathan is now
a wealthy merchant of the good city of Boston,
where surrounded by his family and friends, he
very good humoredly tells his trick on John
Bull.

From the Jeffersonian.

JOHN Q. ADAMS.

The following is an extract of a letter from
JOHN Q. ADAMS to DUTCH J. PEARCE, the
democratic Representative to Congress elect
from Rhode Island. The letter entire is pub-
lished in the Boston Patriot, an opposition pa-
per, the editor of which observes:—"The party
which Mr. Adams describes as having been
struggling for the last two years to break down
Mr. Pearce, is the same which struggled with
the same zeal, when Mr. Adams was last a can-
didate for the Presidency, to elect him to that
office, and with the same success in the result,
though they succeeded in obtaining for him the
vote of their own State." But to the extract:
"I heartily congratulate you upon your pro-
motion to Congress—although upon many im-
portant public measures, I differed widely in op-
inion from you in the last Congress; and al-
though I do not flatter myself that we shall
agree much better in the next, I am yet con-
vinced that the party which has been these two years
struggling to break you down, the base com-
pound of Hartford Convention federalism and
Royal Arch Masonry, is so rotten with the cor-
ruption of both its elements, that I had with joy
the victory which you have obtained over it; I
rejoice also that the people have repaired the in-
justice done by the same party to Mr. Sprague
and have returned him as your colleague. Of
that party, treachery is so favorite an instrument
that I have heard Mr. Burgess complain that
they have used it even with him.—It is their na-
ture & vocation—I welcome the result of your el-
ection as a pledge that the chalice is returning to
their own lips. They betrayed Mr. Burgess by
not electing him to the Senate of the U. States.
—Their own organ in Providence charges the
loss of his election to the House to their treach-
ery.—So will it, and so mote it always be. They
have no honest principle to keep them together.
Their only cement is a sympathy of hatred to
every man of purer principles than themselves.
—Towards Mr. Burgess himself I cherish a
friendly feeling; for, governed as he is by im-
pulses, and bitter as he is in the indulgence of

in most clamorous in his support, and the hero of
North Bedford is but a few paces in the rear.
The available 'come like shadows, so depart.'
Pennybanc, Penn.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.
PARIS, OCTOBER 13, 1835.
REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.
FOR PRESIDENT
MARTIN VAN BUREN, of N. York
FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

Unequal Taxation.
We noticed an article on this subject in the last Age, accompanied by an extract from a speech of Mr. Everett in the Legislature of Massachusetts, each of which con-

tains remarks deserving of the serious attention of the people. The speech was made on a motion to strike out from the Tax Act a clause exempting

of certain literary and charitable institutions, from taxation. The same clause has been granted to a considerable extent in this State, not merely in the exemption granted to Literary Institutions, but to manufacturing corporations. To labor for the interests of education, and to offer suitable aid and encouragement to Literary Institutions, is a duty imposed not only by the constitution but by the highest moral and social obligation. This duty no man should be performed by the whole State, and the burden should not be imposed upon those who are often best able to bear it, and who derive the least possible benefit from it. Such is now the case in some extent at least. Therefore it is now in this State, and in this sense, where larger portions of the soil are owned by Literary Institutions

tion, then the using the whole bird upon the remain-

ing in fact more. These various agencies are such as we might naturally expect would follow from such a state of things. These are more and more the people approved by a majority of tax-payers. Hence it is a free government.—They are in fact obliged to pay yearly a large contribution to a wealthy average institution in the State, for which they have no sympathy and from which they derive no benefit. This is the taxable and unjust. If the state wishes to be liberal let them be so to the general of the whole State, and not by imposing additional and oppressive burdens upon towns or individuals. When duties are made to fall the property held only at to the same half the small, the property held by individuals. Let it contribute its share to the payment of the town County and State Taxes. The view is a generous one and we can only wonder that it has been tolerated so long. No property shall be exempt from taxation but that owned by the State. All corporations shall be subject to the same liabilities in this respect that individuals are. If laboring and particular branches of industry are deserv of public patronage or bounty, let it be given in specific grants. But this exemption of particular corporations from bearing their share of the public burdens, however it may in itself be one of the ways to give objection the mode of extending public functions to the same unequal and then to make it worse. We do not think the government ought to be so weak, that they have the power, readily to yield. Let the money be collected from the institutions who use and not property by the towns, and in all future grants, let the towns be one of the results, as we think it shall be here. Let it be required of those who are applicants for the bounty of the State, that they first pay themselves a sum in equality in this respect with their fellow citizens.

In regard to Literary Institutions, which we see the most important outlets of our expositions, it is a fact not only by all experience, and one that it is well established, that they only do good by any means, in proportion to their results, or the sum of good they put forth to be done, as is shown by the State. We would wish to see a public library erected. Especially in view of our boundless Literature, let it be proportioned to this demand. We would here urge the establishment of a national library, as being one of the best means of doing good. But we do not think the example of our tax-payers is appro-

The Weig Party.

"The very nature and reason of the law is not to put these things together - their nature is a sympathy of kind to exemption of principles from themselves."

The above is the substance of the whole paper as drawn by John Q. Adams in his letter to D. D. Bates. He thought to do us a kindness. He took on their President's name and the title of a second Vice-President. He is a self-styled Representative in Congress. He was last winter elected by one teacher of the largest of our "Masses" to the office of U. S. Senator, and this time was elected mostly to the office of a great-grandson of Gen. Davis, and partly to the independent center ground by Mr. Adams on the question of war as it hangs upon France. From his present position—his highest, he would say—he is in entire agreement with the opinion which he may be supposed to be thoroughly acquainted with their leaders, their plans and aims, and such is the deception which he gives of them. Had a democratic man such a declaration, he would have been damned in the bitterest terms, and ended with every epithet of those which angry males could invent. But the self-styled one of their own party, however hardening, must be received with more leniency. We do not mean to justify Mr. Adams—indeed a much truer truth there may be in his letter, he has uttered a very important axiom among children and men—never to tell tales out of school. But we venture to say we great white party will not prosecute him for defamation since the law allows in such cases the truth to be given in evidence.

There has been a some difference of opinion among politicians, as to the meaning of the terms which when applied to a party, and many have been disposed to deny the right of the present opposition to assume that name, but this description is to be taken as an arrest, we think this dispute will be easily settled. If this is the true character of a wing we can no longer refuse to call our opponents whigs. If the opposition will but recognize the truth and fidelity of the above description, we will no longer offend them by using the term federal, but in this sense they shall henceforth act to us as whigs.

Portland Magazine.

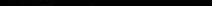
We received the October number of this work just before our last paper was put to press—too late to notice it in. Our favorable opinion of this work has been prominently realized in each successive number. It is a resource to the Ladies of this County that this work is not over extensively circulated among them. We presume at the only excuse they can offer is that they are not aware of its value. Buy it and read it and take our word that you will not regret the expenditure of either your time or money.

...and the ...



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A CITY SABBATH. What a contrast to the tumultuous hurry and bustling desperation which but a few hours since prevailed is presented by the quiet dawning of Sunday in the city! The first sound which strikes the ear of the drowsy city, who always makes a long preparation for a long morning in bed on that day, are the lonely tread of the milkman on the empty side-walk, and monotonous brushing of the servant girl on the hall stairs or at the front steps—sounds which on any other day, would have been utterly inaudible. As the morning advances, more frequent echoes of footsteps upon the pavement arise from the street or court below. Those from whom they proceed, are either encased in new boots or rejoicing in the comparative desolation of the scene, plant their feet upon the ground with an energy that gathers fresh strength from the resounding hollows. Occasionally a hoof is heard upon the almost deserted highway, the signal of some passing physician, or equestrian invalid, started forth by necessity as the advanced guard of the great multitude already preparing for exhibition. Anon, the clocks from numberless steeples commence tolling the hour of nine—the hands of the sextons are on to bell-ropes, and soon the air is filled with brazen tones of every variety, warning the church-goers to their preliminary toils.

Who that hears this general peal, composed of the most jangling movements, and of horridous discord assuming new terrors at every blow and vibration—does not bethink himself of the doctrinal jargon and sectarian disagreements which these noisy ministers so aptly typify! There swings the solemn and soothing tongue of the English church—comfortably reposing in the consciousness of its infallibility—as established by British law; there clangs and clatters the clapper of Presbyterian orthodoxy—clamorous for proselytes, and rigorous in the discipline of disciples. Here rings the Catholic alarm—a dogma at every pull, and a malediction at every thump. And there dangle Unitarians, Methodists, Universalists, Baptists—each playing his own tune—and no two striking in consonance, except by accident. These bells are a picture of society—a sermon and captandem.

At ten, after an interval of another bustle, like the suppressed retchings of the volcano—the bells are again let loose, and out pours the populace upon every square, street, lane, alley, court, and 'place'—their habiliments worth one hundred per cent above their yesterday's attire and their clean faces turned hither and yon, as the case may be—some bent on the worship of God; many on that of the Adversary—or what is the same thing, the business of parcelling out portions of perdition to those who are not of our side. Then succeeds another brief hour of peace. Then an outpouring from the temples; and for the space of half an hour the streets are alive with gaiety and smiles, as though every man and every woman were conscious of having made another step towards heaven; and that those who must surely go the other way, 'are them 'other fellows, not us!' This stage of the matter constitutes the climax, the maximum of a city Sabbath. The residue of the day falls off in like proportion as the morning advanced—and at length silence resumes its reign, and night covers up with a pall of death and oblivion, all the controversies and mutual disaffections which are engendered by a difference of opinion—subsisting only one day in seven.—[Nantucket Inquirer.]

A DANDY.—One youth of this kind I know—a dolt of the very first water—who said to an acquaintance recently, in my presence, "Do you know the Miss—'s of Noo-Yawk? What devilish susceptible creatures they are! to be so—ah! I called on them a few months ago, and sung to them 'Zurich's Waters,' and 'Me Sister De-ah,' and don't you think they both fell in love with me! Egad, they did so—but I couldn't relieve, and so I cut them. I vow I won't be cruel to any one if I can help it—I won't positively—would you?"

This was at an Ordinary. "I say, stranger, said a rough-looking book-peddler from Illinois, who sat near this scented braggart, "you are not a man, are you?—a full bound man? You don't sartingly answer to a masculine title, do you? I should like you for a pocket edition of a sheep. You hav'n't brains enough to fascinate a kitten—yet you really fancy that you are something uncommon! You are to flat to keep your eyes open, fully—and I'll bet a wolf trap that the sight of a full-blown poppy would set you to sleep, any time. Oh, psah! Landlord, give this thing a weak lemonade, scented with rose water—and tote me a pint of brandy, hot with a red pepper in it, and a common segar. I'll go bail for the bill."

The irresistible young man walked off, with a mingled look of insanity and anger.

An anxious and faithful father had been lecturing and counselling a dissolute and incorrigible son. "After a most pathetic appeal to his feelings, discovering no signs of contrition, 'What!' exclaimed the father, 'not one relenting emotion—not one penitent tear?'—'Ah, father,' replied the hardened son, 'you may as well leave off boring me, you will obtain no water I can assure you.'"

Johnathan Gash, who had just arrived from Vermont, in search of a brother who resided in the city, entered a millinery shop near the Old South, and enquired, "Do you keep tobakker?" No, sir, said the fair shop keeper. "Well, don't our Sami keep here?" No, sir. "Congress—ah! Jerusalem! Maru told me that he kept in a store close along side Boston Meeting house!"—[Dedham Advertiser.]

From the Boston Statesman.

The Right of Amending the Laws.

Where there exists no constitutional right among the privileges of the people of amending or repealing those laws which the majority disapprove, the people cannot be said to enjoy their liberty—they do not enjoy that right which alone creates their obligations of obedience to the laws. The right to make and unmake our own laws does, itself create our obligations of obedience to them; and our obligations of obedience on the other hand imply the right and the authority to make and unmake—to enact and to cancel any laws which the majority may at any time approve or disapprove. Our obligations of obedience—though absolute—are not paramount to our rights of creating those laws which we are to obey, and of annulling those which we do not approve. Every individual possesses the right of investigating the character of the laws—of discussing their justice and propriety—and of proving their injustice or absurdity, by argument or ridicule—by reason or wit—in prose or in verse—by speech or by press—so long as he observes obedience to them while they remain unrevoked. None of our laws, unless we except the moral laws are of divine authority—and though we are under perfect obligations of obedience to them, we do just as perfectly enjoy the right of striking them out of the book of statutes, whenever we have converted the majority to our own opinions, in relation to them, and we enjoy the absolute right of using any honorable means of convicting the people of their unreasonableness and inexpediency. It is not treason to ridicule the laws or the law-makers—it is treason only to preach disobedience to them, or to encourage disobedience, either by our words or actions. By ridiculing those laws which we consider unjust or unreasonable, we do not encourage disobedience—but we thereby stir up in the minds of the people a spirit of reform, which is the only safeguard of liberty. One may travel round the country, and use all honorable efforts, by lecturing, talking, writing, and publishing, to convince the people of the unreasonableness of any existing laws. By so doing, he exercises a lawful privilege—and any individual who opposes his course, opposes the very birthright of a republican citizen—the right of free discussion. You have no right to say to your fellow-citizens, rebel against those laws which we, a minority, consider just—this would be treason—but you have a right to say to your fellow-citizens, repeal those laws which we consider unjust, and to use all fair methods of winning over a majority to the adoption of your own sentiments. By rebelling against the laws we encourage licentiousness and anarchy—by discussing the laws, we encourage both liberty and improvement.

Magnificent Present. An East Indian arrived lately at London bringing as part of her cargo a number of articles of most costly and magnificent description, as presents to the King of England, from the King of Oude. They consisted of a bedstead of solid gold, and a table of the same metal; two chairs of solid silver, besides other articles, the whole richly chased and ornamented with carved figures. There were also two elephants, two Arabian horses, and two dwarf buffaloes. The elephants are small of stature, being but eleven years of age, male and female, accompanied by attendants, native of India, attired in the splendid dresses of the country, and the elephants accoutred with splendid trappings. The dwarf buffaloes are of the size of the common pig in this country, but are most beautiful creatures, and, as a curiosity, unique. The whole of the presents are estimated at £80,000. [Boston Transcript.]

Attack of an Alligator.—A young man by the name of Norton, resident at a place called Brandy Branch, about twenty-five miles from here, was bitten in the hand and arm by an Alligator, about two weeks since, and a bone fractured. We understand that he was endeavoring to get some water from a stream, and while clearing the surface with his hand, the Alligator seized it, and he was only saved by gouging the animal's eyes, upon which he relinquished his hold. The young man is much injured, and it may yet be necessary to perform amputation. The Alligator was afterwards taken and measured almost ten feet in length. [Jacksonville (Florida) Courier.]

A' orrid Bad 'un!—A few days since, a Jonathan from the country, who had taken lodgings at the American House, Boston, was somewhat surprised when he came to the dinner table to see there was nothing on it. "What will you have?" asked the waiter. Jonathan stared about him—"I dun know." "Would you like a bill of the fare, Sir?" "Thank ye, I don't care if I do take a small piece!"—[Dunstable Tel.]

A Customer Extraordinary.—An old horse which had been "turned out to die," and had, for some days, been perambulating the streets of Jamaica, L. I. in a starving condition, recently walked deliberately into a bakery in that village, through a front door, and commenced an industrious demolition of the good things on the counter, among which he made sad havoc.

A late Boston Patriot has an advertisement offering a reward of fifty dollars for the apprehension of one Harriet Jones, who has recently hired a horse and gig of somebody in Canton, in that state, and run away with them. Harriet is a girl who is arrived at what is sometimes called "years of discretion," being fifty-three years of age, "has a fresh countenance and keen black eyes."

A young officer of the French navy, who was a long time stationed at Senegal, tamed a young hyena, which became attached to him in a degree very unusual for this ferocious animal.—On his return to Brest, the Maritime Prefect induced him to send his favorite as a present to the Garden of Plants. After a lapse of time the officer came to Paris, and naturally went to visit the menagerie. In the mean time, the animal had resumed all his native ferocity, and became violent the moment any of the spectators looked steadfastly at him. At the first sight, however, of his former master, the hyena recognized him, shewing the utmost satisfaction, mildly moving his head and wagging his tail, as if inviting the officer to caress him. The officer, to the terror of the spectators, approached the animal, stroked his back, and even put his hand into the creature's mouth; but still greater was their astonishment, when they saw the beast return his caresses by gently licking his hands.

A little boy, after listening to a sermon on the necessity of being born again, returned home much afflicted and said to his mother, "I did not like the sermon; and ma, I don't want to be born over again, for who knows but I might be a gal!"

Information Wanted. Rev. Jonathan Cato, a man of color, about fifty years of age, who has been very much engaged in getting money to purchase a Township in the State of Maine, for colony of blacks, left this town last fall to return in one month, but he has not been heard from since. Any information respecting him will be gratefully received by his friends.

Taunton, Mass. Sep. 11, 1835.
Note.—If the Reverend Jonathan Cato is in these parts, he will do well to report himself to his brethren in Taunton, who, it is whispered, strangely suspects that he has pocketed the cash he has collected, and means to hold it for any one besides the Colony. Bangor Cour.

Dialogue which took place the other day between a little fellow engaged in the candy traffic and one of our boys: "Do you want to buy some candy?" "No, I don't want to buy any." "Yes, said tyro, 'I'll take a stick, at the same time asking, 'Does Mr. D—buy any now-a-days?' "Oh no," was the reply, "the cats his molasses without being boiled, it comes much cheaper!"

Musical Taste.—A clever caricature has lately appeared, representing a young lady (at her piano-forte) and her cockney beau, between whom the following dialogue takes place:—**Lady** Pray, Mr. Jenkins, are you musical? **Gentleman.** Vy, no, Miss; I am not musical myself, but I have a very hexcellent snuff-box vix is.

You know our Zuck? Well, he come up from Boston rather day on the rail road. Zuck says as how them are locomotives are real snorters for speed. He told me that he come on quick, that when they got half way, they heard Wilson, in Boston, crying a pocket-book lost, and a fellow in Providence at the same time, singing out charcoal! What a'e think o' that, huh?—[Prov. Jour.]

Patent Pin Maker.—We were invited a few days since to examine a machine for making pins by steam power, which was then in operation at the factory of R. Hoe, & Co. "The machine is one of the most ingenious pieces of mechanism we have ever seen; it completes sixty pins per minute, and they look better and more perfect, than those manufactured in the usual way."—[N. Y. Com. Jdr.]

A Bouncer.—It is stated in a Georgia paper, that a man was knocked down in New-Orleans, and robbed of his pocket-book, containing 75,000 dollars in specie.

Executor's Sale.
WILL be sold at Public Auction, by license from the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, on Wednesday, the 21st day of October next, at one o'clock P. M., at the dwelling house of William Russell, Jr. late of Fryeburg in said county, deceased, so much of the real estate of said William Russell, Jr. deceased, including the reversion of the widow's dower therein, as will produce the sum of Four hundred and Forty Dollars, for the payment of the just debts of said deceased, charges of administration, and incidental charges. Said real estate consists of one undivided fourth part of a Lot of land in the town of Stow; about eight acres near the homestead of said deceased, commonly called the Sugar Lot, together with the homestead itself. Further particulars made known at the time and place of sale. JACOB H. GREEN, Executor. Waterford, Sept. 14, 1835. 3w7

Sheriff's Sale.
Oxford, ss: **TAKEN** on execution, the same having been previously attached on the original writ, and will be sold at Public Vendue, on Saturday the twenty-fourth day of October next, at one o'clock P. M. at the dwelling house of Joshua Dunn, Esq. in Dixfield, in said county of Oxford, all the right in equity which Stephen March has of redeeming a certain piece of land lying in Jay, in said county, on the easterly side of Androscoggin River, it being a part of lot numbered twenty in the fourth range; the same having been mortgaged to Ephraim Woodman, Esq. for the sum of one hundred dollars—further reference may be had from a Deed running to George Gage, Esq. of Wilton. PETER AUSTIN, Dept. Sir. Dixfield, Sept. 21, 1835. 3w7

Administrator's Sale.
By virtue of a License from the Judge of Probate for the county of Oxford, there will be sold at the dwelling house of Erastus P. Poor in Andover in said county, on Wednesday the fourteenth day of October next, at one o'clock P. M. so much of the real estate of Jonathan Stevens late of Andover in the County of Essex, Massachusetts, deceased, as will produce the sum of six hundred dollars if so much there be. Said real estate consists of five undivided rights to land in said Andover, supposed to contain 150 acres each. And three lots of land in the second, division and two lots in the third division in said town. All wild land. For a more particular description of the land and for terms of payment apply to James Stevens of said Andover. JOHN PETERS, Administrator. Sept. 14, 1835. 3w6

THE New York Lady's Companion.

Original and selected Tales, Sketches, Stories, Art Sciences, Amusements, Fashions, and every description of Polite Literature.

THE selections will be made with taste and judgment, from the most celebrated and distinguished English, French, and German Periodicals, on a plan that will be at once agreeable, entertaining, and interesting, and at such a low price, that it can be obtained by every class of readers. This publication will be of that nature which will ensure its success to every branch of the community, and all articles will be of a moral, pleasing and instructive nature.

It will be issued on the 15th of every month, attached on a colored cover, printed on good paper, with new and handsome type; and contain from forty to fifty large octavo pages, which will form at the close of the year two uncommon large volumes for the small sum of 12 LARGE dollars per annum, payable in advance; the last number of each volume will be accompanied by a beautiful engraved title page and index.—The work will be occasionally embellished with splendid drawings and engravings. The advantages arising from the above publication will be easily conceived, containing by far a greater quantity of reading, than could in any other way be brought together in one form and in a regular and standard manner, which is far preferable to keeping Scrap Books and Albums, the success of the publication may entitle him to the reader; whereas in the proposed publication, all can be preserved alike and in suitable style for binding;—and thus not only do credit to the library of the Philosopher, but add greatly to the knowledge and amusement of every branch of the present generation.

A publication on this plan has never been attempted in New York, although many of a similar nature have been long established in our sister cities with great success; the Publisher therefore begs to assure the public, that his arrangements are such that he hopes to meet the patronage of an enlightened and discriminating community.

Several gentlemen of known literary talent have generously tendered their assistance to enable the Publisher to accomplish his object in commencing the "New York Lady's Companion."

All these splendid sketches that have gained such celebrity in France and Italy, will be translated and reprinted in the columns of this monthly periodical. The great range of materials the publisher has already in his power, together with the assistance offered, will enable him to present to the public such a work as he hopes will meet their approbation, and he asks only for their support, the success of the publication may entitle him to the reader;—whereas in the proposed publication, all can be preserved alike and in suitable style for binding;—and thus not only do credit to the library of the Philosopher, but add greatly to the knowledge and amusement of every branch of the present generation.

Agents and others becoming agents for the work, are required to remit only \$2.50 to the publisher, each subscriber. Persons furnishing five subscribers, and forwarding the amount of subscription \$15, will be entitled to the work free for one year.

Agents and others are requested to transmit the names of subscribers by the 25th of April, and the price of subscription on the receipt of the first number, or the second will not be forwarded.

Advertisements will be inserted on the cover on reasonable terms. WM. W. SNOWDEN. New York, Feb. 25th, 1835. 5

DR. GRIFFITHS' Vegetable Balsamic Gum or Plaster, FOR the Rheumatism, Pains, Inflammation and weakness in the side, breast and back, and for Cuts on the face. It likewise affords a superior application for all kinds of fresh wounds, old sores, burns, &c. For sale by S. CROCKETT & Co. Paris, July 27, 1835.

TO REUEL WASHBURN, Esq., one of the Justices of the Peace within and for the County of Oxford.
THE undersigned respectfully represent that they are Members and Stockholders of the Oxford Bridge Corporation, which was established by an Act of the Legislature, passed on the 21st day of February, 1834, with authority to erect a Bridge across the Androscoggin River, at a place called Pin Island, in the town of Jay in said county. That a meeting of the Corporation was held at the residence of the Hon. J. A. Chandler, Clerk, on the 10th day of February, 1835, and that the Corporation was organized by the choice of Officers, and the adoption of a system of By-Laws for the management of their concerns, and by these By-Laws it is provided that the first meeting of the stockholders, for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors, should be held on the 10th day of May or June next, and be notified in the manner therein specified, by a prominent notice to be given to each stockholder, and that the purpose of such meeting should be to elect a Board of Directors, and to transact such business as may be deemed expedient, not inconsistent with the provisions of said Act of Incorporation and system of By-Laws adopted as aforesaid.

Your petitioners therefore respectfully request you to issue your warrant, agreeably to the provisions of the Statute, in such case made and provided, directed to each one of us, requiring him to notify a meeting of said Corporation, to be held at Windsor's Tavern in said town of Jay, on Monday the 10th day of October next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, on and on the following "Notice, to wit:—

First, To choose a Moderator to regulate and manage the meeting. Second, To choose a Clerk, and such other officers as may be deemed useful and necessary. Third, To see what measures the Corporation will take for the building and completion of said Bridge, within a reasonable time, together with a full house attached thereto; and to do and transact any other business that may be deemed expedient, not inconsistent with the provisions of said Act of Incorporation and system of By-Laws adopted as aforesaid.

JAMES STARR, ESQ. REUEL WASHBURN, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Jay, August 21, 1835.

TO JAMES STARR, Esq., one of the persons making the foregoing application.
Oxford, ss: **YOU** are hereby required in the name of the State of Maine, to notify a meeting of the members and stockholders of said Corporation, to be held at the time and place and for the purposes mentioned in said application, by causing attested copies of said application, and this warrant to be published in the Eastern Argus, being the paper designated to print the laws of the State; also some public newspaper published in said county of Oxford, three weeks successively, the last publication, to be at least fourteen days before the time of said meeting.

Given under my Hand and Seal, this twenty-fifth day of August, in the year of our Lord, and thousand eight hundred and thirty-five. REUEL WASHBURN, Justice of the Peace. I certify that the foregoing is a true copy of the original application and warrant thereon. Jay Aug. 25, 1835. Attest, JAMES STARR.

Old Iron Wanted!
THE TONS OF OLD IRON WANTED for which the highest price will be paid, by S. CROCKETT & Co. Paris, Aug. 25, 1835.

Stray Colt.
CAME into the enclosure of the subscriber, about the 10th inst. a sneaking more colt of dark red color with a star in her forehead, and a small white stripe in her face. The owner is requested to prove property, with charges, and take her away. ORISON RIPLEY. Sept. 14, 1835. 3w2

To the Hon. County Commissioners for the County of Kennebec.

THE undersigned represent that in their opinion the public would be much benefited by the location of a public road in the best and most direct course from Keith's Mills in Cheshire, to Maj. Moses Stone's in Jay, in the County of Oxford. They therefore pray your Honors to locate and establish a road, commencing near Keith's Mills in Cheshire, in the County of Kennebec, so as to connect with the swamp road (so called) leading to Farmington Falls; thence in a southerly direction in the best and most direct course to the above mentioned Stone's in Jay, so as to connect the Canton Point travel, the Noyes Ferry travel, and the Livermore Falls travel, with the great road from Farmington Falls to Norridgewock and Skowhegan; or to make such alterations in the present roads on the route, and to discontinue any portion of the same, as in your opinion may best promote the public good.

Signed, JOHN BEAN & 41 others. July 13, 1835.

State of Maine.

Kennebec, ss.—Court of County Commissioners, April Term, 1835.

ON the Petition aforesaid, satisfactory evidence having been received that the petitioners are responsible, and ought to be heard touching the matter set forth in said petition, it is Ordered, that the County Commissioners of the County of Oxford be requested to meet the Commissioners of this County at Keith's Tavern in Cheshire, in said County of Kennebec, on Tuesday the 10th day of November next, at 10 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of there proceeding to view the route mentioned in said petition; immediately after which view, a hearing of the parties and witnesses will be had, and such further measures taken in the premises as the Commissioners shall adjudge to be proper. And it is further ordered, that notice be given, to all persons and corporations interested, of the time, place and purposes of said meeting, by causing attested copies of said petition and of this order thereon to be served upon the County Attorney and chairman of the County Commissioners of said County of Oxford, and upon the respective Clerks of the towns of Livermore and Jay, in said County of Oxford, and of the towns of Cheshire and Farmington, in said County of Kennebec, and also posted up in three public places in each of said towns, and published in the Argus, being the public newspaper issued by the printer to the State, and in the Age, a newspaper printed in the County of Kennebec, and in the Oxford Democrat, printed in said County of Oxford. All of said notices to be served, posted up and published thirty days at least before the time of said meeting; that all corporations and persons interested may attend and be heard if they see cause.

Attest, J. A. CHANDLER, Clerk. A true copy of the Petition and order of Court thereon. 3w5. Attest, J. A. CHANDLER, Clerk.

To the Hon. County Commissioners for the County of Kennebec, next to be holden at Augusta, A. D. 1835.

THE undersigned represent that the public would, in their opinion, be much benefited by the location of a public road in the best and most direct course from Keith's Mills in Cheshire, to R. Bean's store in the County of Oxford. They therefore pray your Honors to locate and establish a road commencing near Keith's Mills in Cheshire, in the County of Kennebec, thence in a southerly direction, in the best and most direct course through Wilton, to R. Bean's store in Jay, in the County of Oxford.

Signed, EBENEZER C. CHASE, and 20 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

Kennebec, ss.—Court of County Commissioners, April Term, 1835.

ON the Petition aforesaid, satisfactory evidence having been received that the Petitioners are responsible, and ought to be heard touching the matter set forth in said petition, it is Ordered, that the County Commissioners of the County of Oxford be requested to meet the Commissioners of this County at Keith's Tavern, in Cheshire, in said County of Kennebec, on Tuesday the 10th day of November next, at 10 o'clock A. M. for the purpose of there proceeding to view the route mentioned in said petition; immediately after which view, a hearing of the parties & witnesses will be had, and such further measures taken in the premises as the Commissioners shall adjudge to be proper.—And it is further ordered, that notice be given, to all persons and corporations interested, of the time, place and purposes of said meeting, by causing attested copies of said petition and of this order thereon to be served upon the County Attorney and chairman of the County Commissioners of said Counties of Kennebec and Oxford, and upon the respective Clerks of the towns of Cheshire, Wilton, Jay, and Farmington, and also posted up in three public places in each of said towns, and published in the Eastern Argus, being the public newspaper issued by the printer to the State, and in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed in the County of Oxford and in the Age, a newspaper printed in the County of Kennebec. All o. said notices to be served, posted up and published thirty days at least before the time of said meeting; that all corporations and persons interested may attend and be heard if they see cause.

Attest, J. A. CHANDLER, Clerk. A true copy of the Petition and order of Court thereon. Attest, J. A. CHANDLER, Clerk.